The World.

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STREET CAR TRANSFERS.

Defeated in the District Court in its fight against free transfers at intersecting points where transfers have hitherto been refused, the Interurban Company threatens to continue the contest in the higher courts. Would it not be the part of wisdom to accept Justice Worcester's ruling and make the best of it?

To do so would be to avoid protracted and expensive litigation which in the end is almost certain to result unfavorably to the company. There would also, by immediate if ungracious compliance with the Court's decree, be the moral gain of a point conceded to popular demand.

The general trend of judicial rulings in cases where the public has been granted privileges by a corporation of its own creation is to view such privileges as public rights to be conceded by the corporations wherever legitimately demanded. It is thus that a deferred compensation, small at best, is given the public from the holders of public franchises procured originally as a free gift or for a trifling return ridiculously out of proportion to the value of the franchise so cheaply acquired.

Transfers are refused between the Third avenue railroad and the lines of the Metropolitan Traction Company. Yet in the case of the Third avenue road, chartered in the days of stage coaches, the rate of payment agreed upon for the valuable franchise and still continuing was less per year per car than a car now earns in a day. The Metropolitan lines, if the published statement for 1900 is correct, earned in that year more than $8,000,000, of which the city received only $290,000 in rentals!

Would it be an act of injustice to exact for the public from corporations that have fattened on cheap franchises the small return of transfers? Even if the roads were thereby to be put to large additional expense this enforced concession to the public could not be regarded as unfair. Actually, as the practical workings of the transfer system show, it would result in increased business.

THE PARK ROW CRUSH.

The usual sentimental considerations do not avail against the proposed cutting off of a small slice of City Hall Park to widen Park Row. The park will not thereby be rendered less ornamental, while there will be a very great gain in usefulness for the fifteen-foot strip that is added to the street.

The vast tide of pedestrians and vehicles which surges through Park Row to the Bridge and the elevated station in the afternoon rush hours is congested to the danger point. Probably nowhere else in the world is so dense a mass of moving humanity to be found. It was bad enough ten years ago, and every office building that has since gone up below Frankfort street has made it worse. The limits of safety were long ago passed. Merely to move with the crowd involves discomfort. To cross the street at any point from the Post-Office to the Bridge is an undertaking the perils of which are not exaggerated in the statement that it means a very real risk of life and limb.

A strip from the park making possible a new sidewalk on the western side of the Row or the extension of the existing one would provide an appreciable relief, though it would fall far short of putting an end to the crush.

MISSISSIPPI BOAT RACES.

True realism in the Mississippi boat race proposed by Sir Thomas Lipton and approved by Mark Twain as a feature of the St. Louis World's Fair will demand, first, a "nigger squat on the safety valve."

Then there should be bar'ls of resin and lard cast into the glowing furnaces, while smoke of inky blackness pours out of the tall smokestacks. And up in the cabin planters, with bags of gold, the strings of which they cut with bowie knives, play for high stakes, plantations if the game grows warm, and out on the guards pickaninnies pick the banjo and there is music on the water. In a six-day race the excitement has time to cool.

Such a race would be a most characteristic exhibit of American life of befo' the war times. That life is so completely gone that grown men known of it only by hearsay. If with the above accessories we could have the racing boats reproduce the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez, with bluff old Capt. Leathers in the pilot-house and perhaps Mark Twain with him getting his first whiff of burning cotton up the speaking tube, the engineer's inevitable hazing of the new pilot, the realism might vividly recall the old days.

To have an explosion or a fire at the end of the race would heighten the illusion of reality. "All boats has their day on the Mississip'," says Mr. Hay's hero, and it usually came in fire or a bursting boiler.

SUBURBAN POSSIBILITIES.

President Baldwin promises thirty miles of Long Island within three-quarters of an hour as a result of the East River tunnel and the uptown station. This is rather more interesting than "fifteen minutes to Harlem," because the desire seems to be a growing one among wage earners of moderate incomes to exchange a stuffy flat for a detached house in the suburbs with a plot of ground to it and the feeling of independence which its possession insures. To realize this ambition while forgetting the existence of ferries will be a boon.

There are some who will ever prefer the city lamppost to the country tree, but those who observe that the metropolis is becoming more and more an abiding place for the very rich or the very poor realize also that the best recourse for the man of modest salary is the country.

If Mr. Baldwin can redeem his promise he will deserve well of his fellow-men.

A WIFE'S FRIEND.

Of the type of man who makes love to another man's wife and compromises her good name we have an excellent example in Percival Covert, who killed Mrs. Schoonmaker and himself.

A sport, a man about town, physically prepossessing and always well dressed, most attractive externally. But beneath the surface the inferiority of character which led him to become an embezzler rather than give up his good clothes.

Very likely Mrs. Schoonmaker was an innocent victim of Covert's murderous frenzy. But so far as he could her lover ruined her reputation.

The wife made the mistake of other wives of tolerating the attentions which led to the tragedy. They began in the harmless friendship of a summer outing and ended on appearance of guilt only when continued in town without the consent or knowledge of the husband. It may be that on the part of Mrs. Schoonmaker the attachment was so blameless that she would have ridiculed any suggestion of guiltiness. The course of events showed how easily such attentions may pass beyond control.

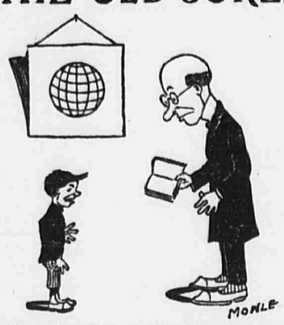
WOMEN AND CIGARETTES.

It is, of course, a woman's inalienable right to smoke, but why she should wish to exercise this right passes the comprehension of many masculine admirers of the sex. The weed that burns the pocket, fouls the clothes and makes a chimney of the nose for man seems, even in the mild gray-blue vapor of the cigarette, to soil ineffaceably the fair lips from which it issues.

Old-fashioned prudery, perhaps. But surely if the habit of smoking has grown among women to the point where a chance for profit is seen in the establishment of a smoking-room for them on Fifth avenue, it has made a progress that will be deplored by persons not straitlaced in their opinions.

Princesses smoke, to be sure. But can a self-respecting American girl do with impunity everything that a princess does? Is the transient and usually make-believe gratification that cigarettes give a pretty smoker worth the loss of delicacy which their use necessitates?

THE OLD JOKES' HOME



TEACHER — If you had three apples and I gave you two, what would you have?

STUDENT — Cramps!

NOTE another of our renovated and made-over old jokes above. Space does not permit our printing a "before" as well as an "after" treatment picture. But you can imagine this sturdy jest as a decrepit guest when it first arrived at the Old Jokes' Home.

Badges. The handsome badges of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Humor can still be obtained by sending a two-cent stamp to Prof. Josh M. A. Long.

Following are the old jokes taken into custody yesterday by Jerry Sullivan and other vigilant and efficient officers of the S. P. C. H., and brought to the Old Jokes' Home by the busy blue ambulance and Joe-Miller, the good old chestnut, the only horse with a hyphen. Have you a badge? Are you doing your duty?

Inmates Received Yesterday.
A Bunch from Bayonne.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

Send for the ambulance:

Mrs. Green—I see hoarhound is getting cheaper.

Mr. Green—Not that I am aware of.

Mrs. Green—Yes; see the sign on the druggist's window: "Hoarhound drops five cents."

"Don't let your dog bite me."

"He won't bite, ma'am."

"But he's showing his teeth."

"If you had as good teeth as he has you'd be showing them too."

"So I hear you have a niece and are an uncle, Freddy."

"No, baby's a girl and I'm an aunt."

Doctor—Your wife will pull through if lockjaw don't set in.

Mr. P.—Then she's all right; you don't know her.

OFFICER FRANKLAND, Bayonne, N. J.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

Please put these in the hibernating ward:

Why is a policeman like a rainbow?

Because he always appears after the storm is over.

Why is the Fourth of July like oysters?

Because you can't enjoy them without crackers.

Why did the chicken cross the street?

Because there was a suspicious-looking nigger on the other side.

CLARENCE GOOSBERRY, S. P. C. H.

Hauled In from Hackensack.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

Here are a few conundrums:

If a man cannot learn by experience, why is he like a laurel? Because he is an evergreen.

Why is a bootblack like a clever schoolmaster? Because he polishes the understandings.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter "p"? Because, though he is the first in pity, he is the last in help.

Why is an umbrella high church? Because it always keeps lent.

What is always behind time? The back of a watch.

MISS ANNIE KEMPTON, Hackensack, N. J.

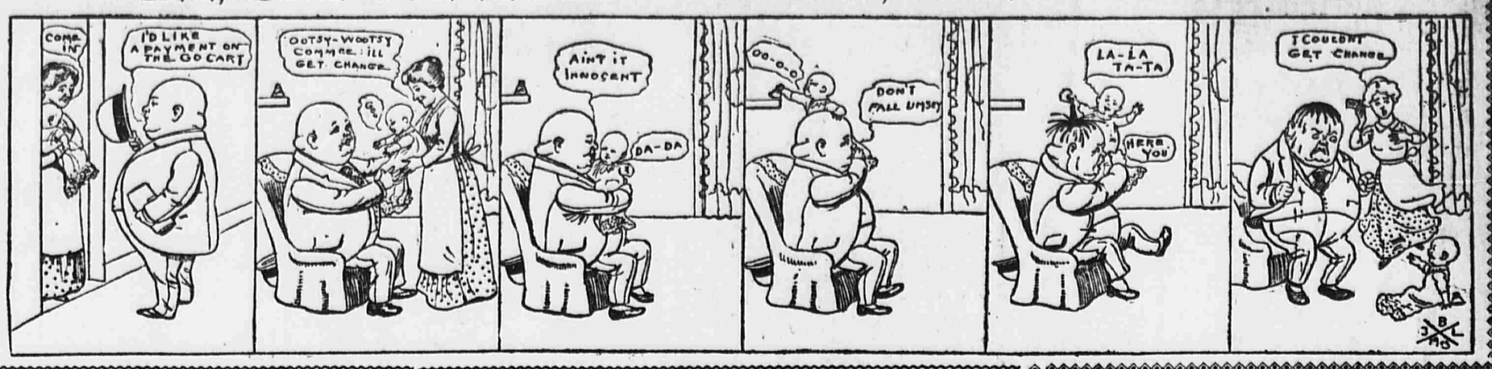
Brought Out of a Jersey Saloon.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

I went into a saloon and called for lager and porter. The waiter brought me a lager. I asked him, "What is the matter with the porter?". He said the porter was washing windows.

PETER DAILEY,
No. 21 Brunswick street, Jersey City.

BILL, THE COLLECTOR OF BILLS, FAILS TO COLLECT.



SOME OF THE SAME OLD "SIGNS OF SPRING."

Now the shad and organ-grinder give their annual reminder
That winter's past; and "signs of spring" once more come flocking out.
For the Bock is gayly bocking and the spring coat we're un-hocking,
And the sandwich man feels sap stir in the boards he lugs about.

HOW CHOPIN COMPOSED HIS "FUNERAL MARCH."

As Told by Ziem, in Whose Studio the Scene Occurred.

LATE one summer's afternoon Chopin and I sat talking in my studio.

I spoke of music and he of painting. Strange, is it not? Artists are very fond of exchanging views in this way.

In one corner of the room stood a piano and in another the complete skeleton of a man, with a large white cloth thrown, ghostlike, about it.

I noticed that now and again Chopin's gaze would wander, and, from my knowledge of the man, I knew that his thoughts were far away from me and his surroundings.

More than that, I knew that he was composing.

Presently he rose from his seat without a word, walked over to the skeleton and removed the cloth. He then carried it to the piano, and, seating himself, took the hideous object upon his knees.

A strange picture of life and death! Then drawing the white cloth round himself and the skeleton, he laid the latter's fingers over his own and began to play.

There was no hesitation in the slow, measured flow of sound which he and the skeleton conjured up.

As the music swelled in a louder strain I closed my eyes, for there was something weird in that picture of man and skeleton seated at the piano, with the shadows of evening deepening around them and the ever-swelling and ever-softening music filling the air with mystery.

And I knew I was listening to a composition which would live forever.

The music ceased, and when I looked up the piano chair was empty, and on the floor lay Chopin's unconscious form, and beside him, smashed all to pieces, was the skeleton I prized so much.

The great composer had swooned, but his march wr found.

PUNCH'S ODE TO JINGO.

A Wail for the Big Elephant that Died on Shipboard.

FROM babyhood, for one-and-twenty years
Beloved by all who knew him, in the Zoo
He lived (and might have died) a blameless life
On nuts and buns. But ah! 'Twas not to be.
Not for his blamelessness could he escape
The common doom of all the "biggest" things—
The almighty dollar stretched its tentacles
Across the herring-pond and roped him in.
They broke his mighty heart; he would not eat.
For sixty hours on end he trumpeted
(Oh, Sousa, what a golden chance was here!),
And murdered sleep, till on the afternoon
Of March the twelfth he died. Oh, fatal date—
Just three days short of that pale Ides of March
Wherf Caesar perished—A. D. IV. Id. Mart.
They wrapped him (doubtless) in the Stars and Stripes
They hoisted up a derrick and tney hove
His body overboard; and all that day
Six tons of Jingo floated on the deep.
Butchered to make a Yankee holiday.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.

Look, children! On this pedestal
The Contract-Man is found,
The burrowing McDonald he,
Who's made our streets a sight to see
And subwaydised our fair cities;
And, like the Mole, parns castles
A living underground.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

ONE THING SURE.

"Do you believe Gern any is in earnest about respecting the Monroe doctrine?"

"I don't know. If she isn't she's going to be."—Chicago Record-Herald.

TWO MISSES.

"Living in the country now, eh?"

"Yes."

"Don't you miss the early morning noise and bustle of the city?"

"Well, when I miss the 7.03 train I do."—Philadelphia Press.

RESOURCES.

Archie—Well, it's raining, and you can't take Miss Delia Kitt out driving. How will you put in the afternoon?

Reggie—Going out driving. Do you think I'm so hard up that I haven't a rainy-day girl?—Chicago Tribune.

NEVER GOES AMISS.

A woman never hits what she aims at unless she throws a kiss.—Somerville Journal.

ONLY THE TRUTH.

"So your wife accused you of spending that extra dollar in hard drink," interrogated Guyer.

"Yes," replied Rounder, "but I told her I spent it in cherries."

"Get out! Where can you find cherries this time of the year?"

"In cocktails."—Chicago News.

COURSE OF TRUE LOVE, &C.

Esther—I suppose you would call the Brewsters a perfect match. They always act like a pair of lovers.

Constance—Why, they are quarrelling more than half the time.

Esther—That's what I mean.—Boston Transcript.

A DOUBLE LOVE CHASE.—By F. H. Sweet.

The Story of a Mountain Maid a nd a Society Woman.

(Copyright, 1903, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THE girl gave a pitiful sob as the train curved away from the station, showing through the car window the ragged slope of Hog Back, with the few isolated cabins in their little clearings among the pines. High up toward the ridge, and above all the other cabins, a tiny wreath of blue smoke curled over the trees and lost itself in the clouds. That was from Herk's chimney and he was cooking his dinner. Then the girl's shoulders straightened suddenly and her gaze left the window.

The woman in the next chair had drawn her skirt a little closer when the figure slipped past and dropped into the seat; but as the girl turned and she saw the sweet, wistful face in the depths of the big sunbonnet, her fingers relaxed and the folds of the skirt fell back into their former graceful curves. At that moment the conductor entered.

He came straight to the girl, for she was the only passenger who had taken the train from the mountain station. As he stopped beside her chair she held out a handful of small coins. Then the woman noticed that the eyes in the sunbonnet were large and beautiful, and that the long lashes were wet with the tears that were being resolutely held back.

"Where to?" asked the conductor. Then without waiting for a reply, as his eyes swept down the coarsely clad figure, "Haven't you made a mistake, my girl? This is a parlor car."

"I reckon hit's all right," answered the girl listlessly; "the man outside said for me to get in quick. Here's yo' money."

"Where do you wish to go?"

"Anywhar the train stops; hit don't matter 'bout no partic'lar place, so long as thar's houses an' people an' a chance to git work. You all needn' bother 'bout no extra stoppin' on my 'count."

"Well," doubtfully, "this money will take you as far as Ridgeboro, thirty miles. That is considerable of a place. But suppose we go into the next car. You have evidently made a mistake. And, anyway, the chair you are in has already been taken. You see, this car costs extra."

"My brother is enjoying his cigar and will not be back for an hour or so," spoke up the woman, suddenly. "Let the girl have the chair, conductor. I am glad to have her occupy it."

The conductor looked from her to the girl undecidedly, then slipped the coins into his pocket and walked away. The girl turned to her neighbor.

"How's he mean extra?" she inquired. "I never ast no price, an' I give him my money."

"Perhaps he thought you might not want to give any more than was necessary," the woman suggested. "Passengers have to pay extra for using the chairs in this car."

"O—oh!" The girl half rose. "Don't ye reckon he took hit out o' my 90 cents?"

"No, I don't think he did. But it doesn't matter. The chair is mine."

But the girl was standing now. "I don't want nobody to give"— she began, when the woman reached out and touched her on the arm.

"Sit down, my dear," she smiled pleasantly; "you are my guest, you know. If I should go up to your home on the mountain wouldn't you let me have a chair to sit on?"

"Of co'se; but"—

"That is all I am doing now. The chair is temporarily mine, and it is unoccupied. I am glad to have you make use of it."

The girl remained standing for a few seconds, then sank down doubtfully upon the chair, and soon after turned to the window. A rugged, pine-wooded slope was sweeping by and on it were small clearings and cabins, and blue smoke losing itself in the clouds; but it was not her slope and cabins and smoke, and presently her gaze came back mistily into the car. The woman was gazing out at the slope, also, for it was wild and good to look upon. Then in the reflection on the window glass she saw the girl's hand go to the bosom of her dress and draw out a small tintype such as were made by cheap, wandering photographers. The woman at first saw without observing; then realizing what she was doing she suddenly turned her chair so as to shut out the reflection, but not before she saw the tintype raised passionately to the girl's lips. It was only when she heard a low sob, instantly checked, that she swung her chair back again, sharply.

"My dear," she said, and there was an odd little catch in her voice, "have you quarreled?"

The girl started, her eyes opening wide. "Y-yes," she hesitated, "but how'd ye know?"

"Oh, women have a way of divining such things, perhaps. Is he nice?"

The sunbonnet was pushed back suddenly, the eyes were shining.

"Nice? Herk nice?" The girl drew a long, ecstatic breath which ended in a sob. "He's the best man on the whole mount'n, the strongest an' best lookin' an' best workin'."

"And you quarreled?" There was a low, retrospective note of sadness in the woman's voice, which she did not appear to realize herself. "Quarreled," she repeated; "was Herk to blame—altogether?"

"N-no, not all," continued the girl, frankly. "I—I started it. But Herk's a strong man an' ought to give in."

"Men are sometimes stubborn," even when their hearts are breaking. It is the woman who should give in, especially if she is a little in the wrong. Love means so much more to her, and —and it is so easy for one's life to be ruined. You must go back and make it up with Herk, dear."

"I can't," shortly.

"Would you like to go through all your life without seeing or hearing from him, just living for yourself?"

"But I wouldn't," with sudden alarm in her voice. "Herk's plumb sure to come an' look for me arter a while."

She half rose as the train began to slacken speed, her face flushing. "Hit's Brant's Bridge," she explained; "seven miles from our place, an' where I airned my 90 cents sellin' ca,mmus roots. Herk bought my ring here, too. Oh, yes, he's plumb sure to come for me."

"Perhaps," the strained lips were forcing themselves to say; "but don't wreck your life on such a chance, my dear. That's right," as the girl rose with sudden resolution in her face; "go back and explain to him. If he is a good man—as I think he is—he will understand and meet you half way. And you must allow me to advance you the fare back—you can repay me some time, you know. I am glad for you, dear. I once knew of a quarrel like this and there was no making up. The man went across the sea and never came back. He never will come—"

She stopped abruptly, her lips parted, her eyes wide.

Her brother was approaching from the other end of the car and behind him, crowding by him, was a tall, eager man, whose face was glowing, whose arms were outstretched towar dher.

As in a dream she felt the girl grasp her hand and kiss it, and heard a broken, joyful "Good-by. No'm, I can't take yo' money. Hit's only seven miles, an' I can walk hit easy. Good-by. Hit's the first time I ever rid in a train an' I won't never forgit hit."

Then the girl was gone and then—the man was beside her.